

drawing-room. "A robber!" The two ladies trembled even to pronounce his name; and as to Emily, she gave up all idea of rewarding him with a kiss.

"But what matter they?" said both ladies. "He has performed for us too great service to grudge so trifling a reward."

They were actually entering the drawing-room with the words of thanks upon their lips. The watch was on the mantel-piece—the opera-glass was untouched—everything that they had left in the room was there, except—Ikey Samuels himself.

Frederick Brookes was married to her whom he loved. Instructed by experience, he gave up the gambling of the Stock Exchange, and retired to a country-seat of his wife's, in Dorsetshire, where he has ever since lived a life of tranquil happiness, that is participated in by Mr. Williams, who has, by a marriage with Emily, become his brother-in-law.

A short time after the marriage of Frederick, his nocturnal and unexpected visitor was found to be a prisoner in the jail of Dorset. The charge against him was burglary. As he was walking in the jail-yard one day, a female placed in his hands a hundred sovereigns.

"Ah!" said the prisoner, "I know well where that comes from. It is from one who was formerly on the Stock Exchange—a fine young man who married a lovely woman. Let him keep his money."

"What! do you refuse a small proof of gratitude?"

"Oh! I know; but I wish gratitude would keep the gold, and send me a little sixpenny file."

I do not know whether so immoral a suggestion was carried into active operation; but this I am quite sure of—that soon after, Ikey Samuels had escaped from prison. I have heard, but cannot vouch for it as truth, that he changed his name and has become the proprietor of a rich mine in Scotland, where it has long since been declared by the proprietress, Mrs. Frederick Brookes, that she would not allow either women or children to be employed.

Miss Dashwood's Plot.

"AND SO, SIR, this is your decision?"

"Honor, father, forbids any other."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you are engaged to the girl?"

"Not exactly. I await her decision."

"Then you have proposed?"

"I have, sir."

"And you've resolved to marry Miss Cameron, and not Miss Dashwood?"

"If Miss Cameron will accept me."

"Very well, sir—very well? This is your gratitude—this your filial duty, you self-willed, ungrateful dog, in return for the trouble I've had with you—the efforts I've made to secure for you the best match in the country. Here is a fine, handsome, dashing young woman; rich, and belonging to one of the first families of our country, whom you throw aside for the sake of a pale-faced chit of a clergyman's daughter!"

"Father!"

"Don't father me, sir—don't interrupt me—don't speak to me again! Get out of my sight!—but remember the day on which you marry Lena Cameron you will cease to be a son of mine. I'll disown, I'll disinheret you, sir, and leave all I have to the new orphan asylum!"

Such was the scene enacting in Squire Chester's parlor—a scene frequently presented upon the stage to sympathizing and delighted crowds—an irate father, portly, red-faced and loud-voiced, with hands beneath coat-tails, a la Pickwick, and eyes glaring wrathfully through gold-rimmed spectacles, upon a handsome and undutiful son, bent upon wedding the object of his soul's idolatry against his father's wishes. Yet in this instance it was no mere acting, but on the part of each serious and resolute and earnest.

To add to the dramatic effect, at the moment in which the Squire's last words were spoken, a fair, delicate looking girl, who was about entering the room, catching the sound of the voice, paused an instant with her hand on the door-knob, as if hesitating whether to enter. And thus it happened that she heard her own name several times in connection with the threat already mentioned.

She turned then, and glided swiftly up the stairs to her own room. Locking the door, she threw herself on a couch, and, burying her face in the pillows, remained a long time quite motionless.—She did not weep, but when she at length rose her face was very pale, and her sweet blue eyes had a haggard look

of suffering painful to witness in one so young.

Seating herself at the table, she drew toward her a writing desk, and wrote as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN PHILIP—Since our interview of yesterday I have thought the matter over, and come to the conclusion that it will be best that we should not marry. Do not blame me—do not question me, ever. I have reasons which I cannot explain, but act as I think will be best for us both."

LENA.

"Where is Miss Cameron?" questioned Philip of the servant who handed him the note.

"Gone over to Elmwood, sir, to her aunt, Mrs. Page. I heard her say she should stay there until her return to the city in a few days."

An hour after Philip Chester was on his way to Elmwood. The path was lonely, leading through a sequestered wood, and he was consequently surprised when, at an abrupt turning, he came suddenly face to face with a young lady—very tall, very handsome, and attired in a rich riding habit and floating plume. Philip lifted his hat respectfully, and would have passed on, but the lady paused full in the path before him.

"Excuse me—you are Mr. Philip Chester?"

He bowed.

"And I am Josephine Dashwood." In his surprise he hardly knew what to say. "I did not know—I was not aware of Miss Dashwood's being in the neighborhood."

"I dare say not. You were expecting, perhaps, you and your honored father, to behold me for the first time at the residence of my respected uncle and guardian, Simon Walder, Esquire. But you see I was too anxious to wait, so I concluded to run down for a day or two to Elmwood: on the strength of Mrs. Page being an old friend of my mother. I wanted to see you, Mr. Chester."

"You do me honor," said Philip, puzzled in what manner to treat this frank avowal. The young lady meanwhile carelessly played with her horse's mane.

"I am glad of this accidental meeting," she resumed, "for I was just thinking how it would be possible to obtain a private interview."

Philip started.

"I believe," continued she, coolly, "that there has been some arrangement made concerning us by those two old—I mean by your much honored father and my highly respected uncle—a little matrimonial scheme, if I am not mistaken. Very kind of them, doubtless, though it might have been kinder to have left us to choose for ourselves, and be happy in our own way."

A faint gleam of hope began to dawn on Philip.

"I want to tell you a secret, Mr. Chester. May I trust you?"

"If you will do me the honor," he replied, still coldly.

"Ah, I see you don't like me, but you will after while. This, then, is my secret. I am in love—pray don't be alarmed—not with you."

"Thank you!" said he, almost involuntarily.

"With a very handsome, very clever, very worthy and deserving young man," resumed Miss Dashwood, with unmoved seriousness—"but poor. And you are in love with one equally perfect, but suffering under the same stigma."

She looked at him seriously, now, with her dark eyes, and he met the gaze frankly.

"Now, we understand each other," she said, resuming her former tone and manner; "and now we can act as seems best to under the circumstances. It won't do to rebel openly against those two old fogies—I beg their pardons—those wise and venerable old gentlemen; but we can manage quietly to circumvent them and have our own way—can't we?"

"Perhaps you have formed some plan to that effect?" said Philip, half amused and half interested.

"You shall hear," she answered. I am told that you dear, delightful father admires dashing ladies, wants a dashing daughter-in-law and mistress of his establishment. You will dine to-morrow at Elmwood. Be sure not to disappoint Mrs. Page, who knows all about it, and takes a tender motherly interest in the affair. We will see whether the old gentleman is satisfied with his chosen daughter-in-law. But, whatever occurs, your role, remember, is to be perfectly charmed. Will you accept your part, Mr. Chester?"

Half laughing and half wondering, he agreed.

And so they rode on through the shadowy wood path, Philip Chester liking his companion far better than he had previously thought possible of Miss Dashwood.

Scene second, act first, transport us to the drawing-room, where sat that good old lady Mrs. Page, in all the formal dignity of a country dinner dress, endeavoring to entertain some half dozen guests, of whom Squire Chester was one. Seated near an open window, he was anxiously awaiting the

appearance of Miss Dashwood, with a vague hope as to the effect which might be thereby produced upon his undutiful son. That self-willed young man lounged near, conversing with a lady, while Lena Cameron, very pale and quiet, was bending over a bit of embroidery with fingers that trembled a little, and eyes that were rarely uplifted.

Suddenly the sharp notes of the bugle pierced the ears of the assembled company.

"That is Joe!" said Mrs. Page. "I am glad that she is come, as now we can have dinner."

"Joe?" doubtfully inquired one of the lady guests.

The Squire looked from the window as invited, and beheld a figure in a man's hat and coat, as he thought, and a woman's skirt, dashing full speed up the avenue toward the house, with half a dozen dogs accompanying. Springing from the horse unassisted, she proceeded to unloosen the saddle and throw it upon the ground, then walked several times around the horse, evidently examining into his condition, and discussing the same with the groom, who had now appeared on the grounds.

If Squire Chester regarded this unexpected appearance of his son's chosen wife with any emotions of surprise or disappointment, he at least did not express it. On the contrary, he bowed and shook hands with true old-style gallantry and courtesy, as that young lady presently entered the room, followed by two of the dogs aforesaid, to whom she whistled an encouragement to enter.

"Oh, my dear, the dogs!" remonstrated Mrs. Page, piteously; "we are not accustomed to having them in the drawing room."

"Dear me! not have dawgs in the drawing room! Why I have mine with me everywhere, and all over the house. Couldn't do without them, I declare. Like dawgs, sir?" she inquired, with a pretty drawl, of her future father-in-law.

"Very much—in their proper place," the old gentleman felt constrained to say.

To which Miss Dashwood replied by a just perceptible shrug of her graceful shoulders; and then they went into dinner.

"No turkey, thank you," she said, "I never take fowl—it's only fit for invalids and babies; so insipid. I'll take some roast beef—rare, if you please—though I prefer stake and onions."

And besprinkling the gory slice with an abundance of cayenne sauce, Miss Dashwood commenced her repast, while the Squire turned away his eyes, meeting those of Lena Cameron, his wife's niece, who had been regarding these proceedings of the "dashing" young lady with an expression akin to horror. Poor child, she wasn't in the secret. But the Squire thought, as he looked at her, how very delicate and refined and lady-like she appeared.

Miss Dashwood declined sherry, but accepted a little port instead, though expressing a preference for French brandy and water. It was quite the "style" now, she asserted, for ladies to prefer brandy. Indeed, some even professed a partiality for Bourbon, though she herself considered it inferior to brandy in point of taste and refreshment; and Squire Chester felt provoked at the assiduity with which his son refilled the young lady's glass and listened admiringly to all she said.

"Give us some music, Joe," said Mrs. Page, when they were again in the drawing-room. And the Squire, who was devoted to music, looked up and brightened. It was one of his anticipations, that of his son's wife playing to him and soothing him in his after-dinner hours with the melodies he loved.

"Now, Lena, one of your favorite songs," said her aunt, quietly; and the girl sat down, and in a sweet, low and somewhat plaintive voice, sang "Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie."

"That is the kind of music that I like," remarked Squire Chester to his hostess, *sotto voce*. Those charming old songs are worth all the modern fal-de-rals that have ever been written," and he looked thoughtfully at Miss Dashwood and then at Miss Cameron. Likewise he hearkened to the discourse that was going on between the former and his son.

"I do so doat on horses," observed the young lady. I couldn't do, under two of my own—a rider and a hunter. I delight in hunting wherever it is to be found, and generally on that account pass my summers on the mountains, though deer are becoming very scarce, and woodcock all as much so. I wish we had fox-hunting here as in England. I prefer novels where fox-hunting comes in—Guy Livingston, for instance. What a splendid fellow he was! and what a humdrum country is ours, where there is nothing to amuse one except theatres. If I had my own way I should be an actress. I've always had an inclination for the stage, and really think I should make a good actress.

Don't you think so too, Mr. Chester?"

"Capital!" responded that young man with emphasis, and a pleased, half-amused, half-earnest look, which didn't escape his watchful sire, though he did not understand it.

"He's a ninny!" was the mental reflection of the latter. "What sort of a wife would such a woman make?" was his next involuntary thought, until it suddenly occurred to him, with something like a shock, that this was really after all, the woman he had chosen for his son's wife, for his daughter-in-law, for the mistress of his house and household. And again he looked at Lena—very kindly this time.

"You must see my Beelzebub," resumed Miss Dashwood, enthusiastically; "such a charming creature! full of spirit, yet so tractable and affectionate, that I assure you, sir," addressing the Squire, "he'll walk into the breakfast room and drink out of your coffee cup at the table."

This assurance appeared to have no particular charm for Squire Chester, for he turned away with very little ceremony. Miss Dashwood went up stairs on some errand, and they heard her whistling as she crossed the hall.

"Phillip," whispered the Squire, "I think we had better be going."

"Not yet, sir. Miss Dashwood is about to show me her new pistols; and then she will teach me a new game with cards, and afterwards we are to go to the stables."

"Go to where?"

"To the stables, sir, to look at the horses."

The Squire cast on him a look of concentrated indignation.

"Is that—is Miss Dashwood, or Joe, or whatever she is called, a man or a woman?"

"The latter I presume, sir. It is the fashion now-a-days, you know, for dashing young women like her, to adopt a masculine style in general. It sits well on Miss Joe—Don't you think so sir?"

"Miss Joe be—"

The old gentleman recollected himself in time. But he had seen enough of the dashing Miss Josephine, his old friend, Simon Walker's niece, and very moody was he as he rode homeward that night.

"Phillip," said he, a day or two after, "I don't see the use of you going to Elmwood so often, now that Miss Dashwood is there?"

"Why not, sir? I thought you would like it."

"The truth is, I'm disappointed in Miss Dashwood. I can't approve of such a woman as a wife for any man save a horse-dealer or circus rider. Especially should I not approve of her as the mistress of this house."

"I have no desire to see my drawing room turned into a dog-kennel, or to have horses walking in and drinking out of my coffee cup. In fact," said the Squire, waxing warm, "I won't have my future daughter-in-law going about the house whistling, and odorous of brandy and cigars, too. I shouldn't wonder, I heard her say it was the fashion. Ugh?"

Philip was satisfied; the more so when, a week later, his father observed that little Lena would make as good a wife for him as any he could get.

The wedding took place within six months. Miss Dashwood herself a happy bride, was present, and the Squire wondered exceedingly at the great change and improvement wrought in her by the influence of marriage.

Partly Converted by a Cow.

The Cuba Patriot relates the following amusing incident concerning a hard old customer in the town of Hinsdale, who was never known to attend church, much less to countenance any kind of family worship in his own home: The old fellow had a "muley cow," which was always "nosing" around the house, picking up whatever edibles came in her way. The other night a barrel containing slops had been left out near the corner of the wood shed, and the cow in her peregrinations soon struck the rich bonanza. Thrusting her head into the barrel, "muley" began voraciously to make way with the contents. As the slops diminished in the barrel, in the same proportion the old cow thrust her head in deeper. But when she attempted to withdraw her head from the barrel the animal found it had become firmly wedged over head and neck. The old bovine turned round and round for awhile, then blindly started off on a run. As luck would have it, she struck a bee-line for the house, and directly for the front door. The old man was sitting inside telling his family all about the great Hendryx murder trial, when the cow gave a frightful bellow, which was prolonged by the empty barrel into an unearthly roar. At the same time the front door crashed from its hinges, and the cow, with her uncommon head gear, bolted into the room. "Old wickedness" gave one agonized look at the frightful demon which confronted him; each separate and individual hair stood on

end; a shivering feeling crawled up and down his back; his eyes protruded from his head; altogether, he was a picture of abject terror. Suddenly his tongue was loosened, and he screamed, "For God's sake take Mary! She's better prepared than I am!" Since that eventful night the man has joined an easy-going church, which is one step progressive, and he obly swears when he sees old brindle or the swirl barrel. The old cow "fetched him."

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Hyde Park, Mass., Feb 15, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form, it settled in my back and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess which was fifteen months in gathering—I had two surgical operations, by the best skill in the state but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times, and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times. Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you of the virtue of Vegetine. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients, etc., by which your remedy is produced. By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired, till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body.

I took Vegetine faithfully and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects.

Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease, understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases, and if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will, in my judgment, cure them. With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, G. W. MANSFIELD, Pastor of the M. E. Church.

14-1m] Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

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